

## Mine.

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## Mine.

by [orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

Dream finally hit 21! what better way to celebrate than to go get drunk off your ass and fuck your best friend!

A/N- If Dream or George decide they are not okay with the shipping, I will remove my work, no questions asked.

### Notes

Hey guys! Sorry this took so long. Turns out, moving to college in the middle of COVID is a BITCH! But hey! The next one is already outlined, so It shouldn't take nearly as much time.

-Enjoy! <3

The smell of the club was something that was foreign to Dream. The blaring bass, flashing lights, and the smell of sweat and arousal.

Sapnap had arranged the whole thing, along with George, for the tall alpha's 21st birthday.

"If you had come to London, we could've done this a long time ago!" George had laughed, his smell of apples and chamomile soothing and familiar despite only having met Dream in person for two days.

Dream blinks, focusing on Sapnap as he orders a round of shots. The Texan knew very well that the concept of alcohol wasn't completely foreign. He was a teenager for God's sake, and he experimented in high school, he wasn't a prude.

Yet he felt some semblance of embarrassment from watching the vast crowd grinding and dancing on the dance floor.

Dream blinks, feeling a small glass being pressed into his hands. Looking up at Sapnap, who smiles, lifting his own glass to his lips.

"Bottom's up, Happy 21st." The other alpha smiles, easily throwing the shot back. Dream follows suit, and feels the burn in his throat.

Setting the glass back on the bar, he glances around, looking for the omega that had arrived with the two alphas. Scanning the dance floor, he didn't see the petite omega. He couldn't smell him over the sweaty smell of the club and all the omega pheromones seemed mashed together into some unidentifiable taste on the back of his tongue.

And then he saw it. George, further down the bar, trapped between the bartop and an alpha with pink hair. Dream grips the table, already standing up.

"Dude, what's wrong-" Sapnap follows his gaze, and simply gives an "-Oh."

Dream pays him no heed, shoving himself off the bar, and sauntering down the bar, leaving Sapnap behind him.

He squares his shoulders, exhaling through his nose. He bites his tongue, the taste of iron flooding his mouth. His scent spiking as his neck begins to ache at the spike in pheromones. Yet he still puts on some semblance smile, approaching the two rapidly.

"Oh, Georgie~" He calls, adopting his social media persona, all but feeling the mask slide onto his face. The more carefree and bold version of himself. "Is this guy bothering you?"

The omega looks at him, and the utter relief on his face made a growl in Dream's chest build up. Now that he was closer, he could smell the omega's distressed smell, like rotten apples and spoiled milk. A disgusting mockery of his usual cinnamon, apples, and chamomile scent.

Then a wave of the pink haired alpha's scent washed over him, making him tense, the hair standing up on the back of his neck. It smelt....clean. Like clean laundry, bleach, and lemon. So different from Dream's mint and lime scent. The alpha looked at him and dropped his arms, freeing George.

"Dream!" George smiles, ducking out of the alpha's arms to hug the taller alpha. "There you are!"

Dream clings onto the shorter omega, his smell slowly easing back into sweet cinnamon apples.

"Come on, Sapnap ordered us all drinks." Dream encourages, guiding the omega by his shoulders.

"Wait! George!" The pink haired alpha surges forward pressing something into his hand. "Call me."

Dream growls at the alpha, who winks and walks away, hands in his pockets. George crumbles up the paper, dropping it onto the club floor. The silence is strangely tense as they walk back to Sapnap, Dream's arm not budging from George's shoulders. When they finally stop at their spot at the bar, Dream reluctantly slides his arm from George's shoulders. Yet that didn't stop him from dragging his exposed wrist gland across his shirt, leaving a faint scent of lime and mint on the small omega. The atmosphere returned, to Dream's delight, and slowly but surely, George shifted closer and closer to him.

Admittedly, no matter how much 'experimentation' he did with alcohol, Dream had the alcohol tolerance of a beginner, and decided to go home before he did something he might regret.

"I'll go with you." George offers a tipsy, half lidded smile. "Is it alright if I stay the night at your apartment?"

Dream, being the stupid, horny idiot that he is, agrees.

In his slightly drunken stupor, he doesn't remember much of the Uber ride, or opening the door to his apartment. He doesn't even remember George pressing their lips together. But what he does know is George's scent, overpowering his nose, and he knows he is pressing the small omega against the counter.

"Dream~" The omega preens, exposing his neck as Dream noses into it, drinking in the sweet smell. "Hurry..."

Dream growls, capturing the other's lips sloppily, teeth and lips and tongue and everything.

It was perfect.

With fumbling hands, he unbuttons the omega's shirt, which, to his displeasure, still has a hint of the pink haired alpha's smell on it. Dream peels off his hoodie, his shirt, and presses his bare torso against the much smaller and more petite one. The smell of mint and apple was intoxicating, filling the kitchen and flooding both of their noses.

"Dream, please..." George begs, gripping the Alpha's broad shoulders. "Please, Alpha!"

Dream chuckles, nibbling the omega's ear. "Such a pretty omega. So perfect for me."

The omega whines, gripping Dream's shirt. "Alpha~"

Dream growls, easily picking the omega up, hoisting him over his shoulder. His hand in the small of his back, and one gripping his the smaller man's ass.

With the omega whimpering and squirming, the smell was becoming thicker, overwhelming his nose, and he swore he could taste it on the back of his tongue.

By the time the alpha had set the small omega on the bed, a dark spot on his pants began to form, slick seeping through the thick denim and flooding the room with the smell of arousal.

With eager hands, Dream undoes George's fly and pulls down the clothes and tosses them aside, kissing the omega's lean stomach and slowly trailing down to where the heavenly smell is coming from.

"Alpha-" George moans, gripping at Dream's shoulders. "Please, please knot me."

Dream rumbles, already loving the suggestion as the omega squirms. Pulling himself up above the

omega, connecting their lips and fumbling with his own belt. Finally getting it off, he kicks off the jeans and boxers, cock throbbing as it brushes against his stomach.

“Such a pretty omega.” Dream croons, nipping around the others scent gland on their neck. “So perfect for me.”

George whines, turning over on his stomach and arching his back and propping his ass up, also baring his neck.

A perfect submissive stance.

Dream growls, a deep, pleased sound echoing in his chest. Using one hand to lift George’s hips, he finally slides a finger into George.

The omega preens, already bucking towards the finger as he grips at the bedsheets, mouth open and drooling. Slowly, the alpha begins to thrust the finger in and out, the omega quickly adapting to the stretch. Adding another one, Dream has no hesitation to start scissoring immediately, the light moans and whimpers from the omega encourage him.

“Dream, please.” George pleads, looking over his shoulder to look at the blond alpha. “Please put it in.”

How could he say no to that?

Dream presses one final kiss on the other’s neck, before bottoming out in one thrust, the omega’s cries of pleasure and pain music to his ears. Grabbing George’s wrists, he pulls the omega flush against him, biting at the juncture of George’s neck and shoulder.

“Alpha, please, move!” George pleads, throwing his head back in pleasure. “Knot me, please!”

Dream grunts, beginning to thrust his hips as George flutters around him, moaning and whimpering and making sounds that to him are perfect. George’s arms give out, chest flush against the bed as a near scream as Dream pounds into his prostate with the new angle.

“Dream! Alpha, harder, faster!” The brunet whines, biting the sheets.

“My perfect omega.” Dream pants, running his hand through the omega’s sweaty hair, gripping a fistfull. “My beautiful little cockslut.”

George whimpers, bucking his hips, feeling the painful stretch of the rapidly inflating knot.

Dream groans, feeling the wet, tight hole tighten around him as he thrusts harder. “You want my pups? You want to be nice and round with my litter?”

George moans, widening his legs further. “Please! Knot me and give me your pups!”

Dream laughs, biting at the other’s neck. “Yeah? You like that? Being my little housewife and fucktoy, always wanting my dick, always wanting to be full with my pups.”

If George had been sober or had any cognitive function, he would’ve growled at the idea of being a housewife, but being Dream’s? That somehow sounded like the best idea he had ever heard. Thoroughly ravaged by the Alpha, he moans one final time, tightening around the knot and cumming hard all over the sheets and his stomach.

Dream looks at the omega’s face, gleaming with sweat, lips bitten and swollen red, eyes closed and

mouth in a perfect 'o'.

His omega. His omega that would carry his pups.

He gives a final thrust, feeling George tighten around him as they both cum, knot fully swelling.

"Fuck." Dream whispers, pulling the omega closer and turning them both on their sides, interlocked. "You are amazing."

George groans, shivering a bit as the alpha trails his hands up his cumstained stomach.

'I'm going to regret this tomorrow.' George thinks hazily, watching his belly slowly swell with Dream's seed. And finally, the two are asleep, blissfully leaving the awkward explanations for tomorrow.

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